

# UNITY.

FREEDOM, + FELLOWSHIP + AND + CHARACTER + IN + RELIGION.

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## UNITY.

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### NOTES.

In bidding our readers a Happy New Year and in trying to direct their attention to things to come, we know of no better way to do it than by giving to them the prophetic words which Dr. Bellows sent to the Unitarians of Chicago over twenty six years ago, which we print in another column. Let the Retrospect which this and the letter of Robert Collyer give us, furnish us with a Prospect. What our seer saw then is to be seen now, and what history has proven to be so very true then is, we believe, equally true to-day. Our cause in Chicago and the great West can hold its own only by great advances. The truest way of strengthening the four churches which we call ours is by actively planning to make the four eight. Max Mueller has shown that only the missionary religions are life-giving ones. This is just as true of individual churches as of large systems. The only way to save our life is to give it. The highest spiritual economy is ag-

gressive. Truth remains true only while it is militant, pushing its lines into the kingdom of falsehood; and virtue is virtuous only while it resists evil. Our business for 1884 will be to labor for the conversion of prophecy into history.

The *Christian Union* says that Matthew Arnold's poetry "sends out few original notes, but it echoes the music of those finer chords that are vibrating in many souls in these days."

The *Christian Register* well says "that the evolution of mind is much more demonstrable than the evolution of matter," and we wonder that the students of mind, morals and religion are not the most confident advocates of the doctrine of evolution.

So many cruel things have been said about Chicago, that we are glad to quote a left-handed compliment to a sister city, which appears to be given quite innocently in a literary journal:

Great good has come from the magnificent festivals in Cincinnati. \* \* \* \* It begins to appear that art may find a congenial home anywhere.

"It is "Baron Tennyson Dencourt of Aldworth" now, but we prefer the old Alfred Tennyson, author of "In Memoriam" and "Locksley Hall." Genius may stoop to lend a passing brightness to an effete title, but the state has no titles to formally bestow upon those who occupy royal seats in the people's hearts, that do not encumber them. Why should David undertake to wear the rusty armor of Saul?

Rabbi Sonnenschein of St. Louis favors the fixing of the Hebrew winter feast *Hannuca* always on Dec. 25th, that the Hebrews may share in the universal festival day. In doing this they but follow the example of the Christians who some 1500 years ago put an old festival to new uses. This December festival antedates Christianity and has roots reaching into so many ethnic soils that it may well become not only an international but an inter-religious festival.

The *Truth Seeker* is the name of a little eight-page weekly, started by the Rev. C. K. Gibson of



Blenheim, Ontario. Mr. Gibson is pastor of the Universalist Church in that place, and like many others has felt the need of a printed page to help him, and so has ventured on the luxury of editing a paper. Mr. Gibson is tremendously in earnest, and if the little sheet can be kept afloat, it will doubtless do much good. Indeed, other things being equal, no paper is so potent for good as the home paper.

The echoes of O'Donnell's trial and execution have died away, and as we look back on the painful spectacle, added to the regret we feel over the capital punishment of any human being, is a shame for the course of some of our own countrymen. We can forgive Irishmen for their sympathy with the condemned man under the peculiar circumstances that existed, but that American journalists and party leaders should rush to the defense of an acknowledged murderer with the transparent desire to propitiate the Irish vote, is a burning disgrace.

The business agent of UNITY had occasion last week to solicit an exchange from two papers of this city—one the leading literary journal of the Mississippi Valley, the other a Chicago exponent of the "faith once delivered to the saints." The editor of the former paper apologized for not having already put UNITY on his list, and thanked our representative for calling his attention to the omission. The worthy divine in charge of the latter sheet intimated with clouded brow that for us to propose an exchange with a paper whose superficial area exceeded that of ours by two or three hundred per cent. was a piece of huge presumption. Verily, the children of this world are sometimes more agreeable companions in life's journey than the children of light.

The *Union Signal* for the 20th ult. is a handsome double number with illuminated title-page issued as a "Crusade Memorial" celebrating the decennial anniversary of the Ohio crusade which gave rise to the "Woman's Christian Temperance Union." Among other attractions it contains a *fac-simile* letter from John G. Whittier bearing date of 12th of March, 1883, that contains so much wisdom and healthful morality that we give it entire:

*Dear Friend.*—I cannot let the decennial of the "Woman's National Christian Temperance Union" pass without expressing my hearty sympathy with its object, and my approval of its methods. Its beneficial influence has been felt in every section of the country. It has baffled the schemes of politicians and parties by appealing directly to the moral sense of the people, and infused fresh life into churches and sects by its practical application of the precepts of the Gospel of Christ. When I reflect upon the awful magnitude of the evil, the crime, the

pauperism, the wreck of home and the unspeakable debasement of humanity, everywhere apparent, I am appalled and sometimes almost hopeless. But, when I think of your organization, and what it has been doing the last ten years, I take new courage. The women of the country will yet save the men of it. Give them what they are now unjustly deprived of, the right of suffrage, and the close of the next decade would see the liquor traffic abolished in every state in the Union. Enclosed find \$5 in aid of the "Union," which ought to number its readers by the hundreds of thousands. Thine truly,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

We are keenly alive to what seems to us to be the crudeness, narrowness and unreason of much that goes under the name of temperance work, yet the cause to which these women give so much consecrated labor is one of such stupendous importance that they enlist our keenest sympathies. We are glad to know that the "Union Signal" preaches sobriety to a weekly audience of 13,000, and wish we could multiply that audience by ten.

One of the most discriminating and penetrating estimates of Matthew Arnold that we have seen is the one from the pen of Geo. W. Cooke in the *Register* of the 20th ult. He characterizes this author's "Literature and Dogma" as one of the most helpful books on the Bible ever published, and sums up his religious position in this subtle bit of just criticism:

He has neither the faith of a man of science nor the faith of an idealist. He is first one and then the other, and he is not quite sure that he has found solid ground in any direction. He offers a curious contrast to such a man as Browning, who is of too strong and clear a mind to be very deeply affected by the prevailing religious temper of his time. Browning believes in the personality of man as eternal, and that man guides his own destiny to what it becomes in the future. To him, man's imperfection is that of a condition of education, and a sure guarantee of the attainment that is to come in the eternal ages. Man is to fuse all his natural impulses, Browning teaches; but these can never perfect him in the present. On the other hand, Arnold says the present is enough, that perfection is to be reached here, and that the harmony of man's faculties with each other and with the environment is all man can ever attain here or hereafter. Browning says that the present is but gleam and hint of the perfect: Arnold says the present is complete in itself.

Arnold is a Greek in his belief in the inexorable destiny marked out for man by heredity and law. The fates have fixed their bounds in the conditions described by science, and these chain us as Prometheus to his rock. This is Pagan, not Christian; and it has in it the elements of moral disintegration.

Wit and Wisdom from *The Current*: Bills are introduced in Congress for the repeal of duties on works of art.—F. Marion Crawford strikes while the iron is hot.—Matthew Arnold did not come to America to flatter any one.—The steeples of New York City are monotonous in form.—Tennyson, Ruskin, Matthew Arnold and Browning lead the list of English celebrities as popularly tested by an English journal.—The legend that beer is a temperance drink is not now generally accepted. . . . The beer-drinkers absorb nearly 530,000,000 gallons in this country annually.—Oxford comes to America for a professor. Prof.



Sylvester of John Hopkins University has recently been called to fill a mathematical chair in this venerable seat of English learning.—More than sixty millionaires may be found in the city of Chicago. Are there in the city of Chicago sixty splendid paintings, or sixty noble specimens of sculpture? These queries are submitted with particularity and earnestness to the sixty millionaires of the city of Chicago.

The *Advance* (Congregationalist) of this city says:

The Presbyterians of Chicago have our profoundest sympathy. The Southern Presbyterians are surer than ever that their Chicago brethren are on the highway to doctrinal ruin. First it was the acquittal of Prof. Swing; then Dr. Barrows of the First Church admitted Henry Ward Beecher into his pulpit; then a professor in the Theological Seminary of the Northwest preached a sermon in which he declared himself in direct opposition to one of the five points of Calvinism. And then Dr. Skinner himself, a hero in many battles for the defense of Old School doctrine, indorsed the sermon of his colleague. In some places it never rains but it pours, and while the St. Louis Presbyterian was pointing out these plain violations of both the letter and spirit of the Westminster Confession, and the *Interior* was bowing and smiling, and pouring oil on the troubled waters with one hand, while it tried in vain to check the brethren with the other, Dr. McPherson of the Second Presbyterian Church accepted an invitation to supply the pulpit of Prof. Swing in Central Music Hall. During the discussion which this provoked, Dr. Kittredge of the Third Church, whose orthodoxy before this had never been questioned, invited Dr. Thomas into his pulpit. We note these facts simply to remark again, that our Presbyterian brethren in the North are not charging doctrinal unsoundness on the Congregationalists as freely as they were, and still further, while we are persuaded that the Presbyterians of Chicago in the main are right, the logic and consistency are clearly with their Southern brethren.

No doubt this is all true, yet who can blame the unhappy Presbyterians? They are bound on the one hand to a structure of creed and discipline that they have spent the best efforts of scores of years in rearing. On the other hand the spirit of toleration and liberty is in the air, and they can not but breathe it. Moreover they are Anglo-Saxons, and it is a well-known fact that this race never allows consistency to stand in the way of a sensible line of conduct.

There seems to be a generous disposition on the part of many of our exchanges and fellow-laborers to concede good-naturedly to Matthew Arnold's dictum concerning Emerson, that he is not great as a writer, as a poet, or as a philosopher; but that he is great in—something else, to all of which we would simply reply: If so, so much the worse for philosophy, poetry and letters. For we have no use for any one of the three, only in so far as they contribute to that greater power which Matthew Arnold concedes to Emerson, and we can hardly see how the world has any use for them except in so far as they serve the ends of character building. We like the

rejoinder of Dr. Bartol, published in a Boston daily, from which we clip the following extract:

The masters of wisdom are not the metaphysicians, but the seers; and the seers do not pretend, as logicians and scientists may, to include and exhaust the universe in a scheme. To deny to Emerson superior intelligence, added to a scarce-matched spirituality, is a blindness and ignorance quite strange. He is the priest of intellect. I think Wendell Phillips was right to call him the broadest intellect in New England. Nor is he less deep and lofty. His early style, as in his sermon on the Lord's Supper, which severed him from his church, and the manuscript of which he gave to the present writer, was that of numbered and consecutive propositions. If, afterwards, he dropped and discarded the arguing and mathematical for the visionary mode, it was because he saw how fallible and futile, how confining in the region of the soul, all the defining is, and exclaimed: "Wrangle who will, I will wonder." To say, however, that Mr. Emerson lacks "energy," I must count in direct contradiction of the fact. He is the most virile, vigorous and quotable of writers. No other of our time has put into circulation, in England and America, so many pregnant sayings, or is more potent with such as not only observe and speculate, but also think. He has, among those who grapple with the real problems of life, eminent domain. He is a Rothschild on the exchange of ideas; and as to the manner of expression, such pieces as his "Address to the Divinity School in Cambridge," and his oration called the "Method of Nature," are unsurpassed in fire and flow: as no English or American poetry beside, of the nineteenth century, equals in a melody, original and connate with imaginative conception, his "Each in All," "The Humble-bee," "Fore-runners," "The Problem," and "The Sphinx."

Some time ago we announced that *The Current*, a new paper, was about to make its appearance in Chicago. The first number is now before us, bearing date of Dec. 22, with the name of Edgar L. Wakeman as editor, G. C. Corcoran and G. C. Matthews as associates. In dignity, appearance, range of interest, the amount and quality of editorial work, it is unquestionably far superior to anything that has yet appeared in Chicago. The ideal seems to be just the reverse of that aimed at by our burdensome dailies, blanket-sheets that have a positive blighting influence upon the intellectual, aesthetic and moral life of those who surrender themselves to their tyranny. There the policy is expansion, here condensation; there the object is to bring to notice trifles, here to make prominent the major facts of the day. This neatly-printed, sixteen page paper presents a standard which seems almost too good to live up to. The editorial work is particularly good, showing as it does great patience and skill in paragraphing, with large interests in questions of art, literature, and things that pertain to international culture. In politics it seems to be hopefully non-partisan, with sympathies in the direction of free trade and new issues. The list of contributors to this number includes the names of Henry Watterson, Dr. Parker of London, Boyeson, Lucy H. Hooper, Remenyi, Joaquin Miller, and other less known, but, in this number at least, scarcely less interesting writers. As an index of the tendency of the paper, its announcement that one thousand dollars is to be paid for forty-three



short stories "of high grade and clean motive, not exceeding in length four thousand words each," is significant. This seems to be a commendable tendency. Let us have more good short stories and then we may expect now and then a noble long one. The "Scenes from Clerical Life" were written before "Middlemarch." We hope to find some of our UNITY contributors among the successful applicants. We fear that the small type will be complained of, and we wish the paper were stitched. The *fac simile* autograph signatures to each contributed article give the page a pleasing freshness.

## Contributed Articles.

### THE PRESENT HOUR.

J. M.

We struggle to undo,  
And eager hands put through  
The bars of fate;  
We see our guiding star  
Shining from heights afar,  
And cannot wait.

Like a poor caged bird  
That some wild note has heard,  
And tries in vain  
To reach the distant wood;  
Losing the present good  
In present pain.

God's ways exceed our own,  
In greater wisdom shown;  
He makes us pay  
Price of to-morrow's good,  
In patient servitude  
Of work to-day.

And hourly we must climb,  
To reach the heights sublime,  
Up, through the years;  
And brighter and more fair,  
From each ascending stair,  
His love appears.

'T would blind us, like the sun,  
If all its rays were one,  
And freely ours;  
His mercy more appears,  
In atmosphere of years  
And days and hours.

The future holds the prize,  
Hid from unworthy eyes,  
Knowledge and power:  
One key alone we hold,  
To unlock those gates of gold,—  
The present hour.

### BEYOND THE GATES.\*

CELIA P. WOOLLEY.

There are many who will read Miss Phelps' little book but to dismiss it with a smile, a half-pitying shrug of the shoulder, a light laugh of good-natured ridicule. There are others who will follow its pages, through the blinding mist of tears, feasting their hungry hearts on the loving, beautiful fancies which make up the book. "Beyond the Gates" is not, however, a book to be only laughed at, or one that deserves a very copious shedding of tears over; not a book to be wholly condemned or greatly praised; on the whole, the least meritorious and profitable of all of the author's productions, we should say, yet a work exceedingly interesting in its contents and often profoundly suggestive in its style and the method of treatment of the peculiar themes with which it deals. But are these peculiar themes of that valid or helpful nature which makes it desirable that we should choose them for frequent discussion and reflection? That, indeed, is the larger question which underlies the smaller, respecting the worth and merit of such a work as Miss Phelps' latest, one answer sufficing for both—an answer each soul must seek and determine for itself.

The dream or vision of heaven recorded in "Beyond the Gates," is presented as a passing mental experience which took place during a thirty hours' stupor in the progress of a brain-fever with which the narrator had been stricken from over-work. She describes herself at the outset as a woman in middle life, of staid and practical temperament, who in the various homely and useful capacities of school teacher, war nurse and philanthropic worker among the poor had lived a life of busy, useful occupation, which quite debarred her from all indulgence in romantic dreams and fancies. She was a Christian, but not, she is careful to explain, of the devout order; had read enough of the scientific literature of the day to understand its drift, so that she had been compelled to fight for the faith which she held the dearer on that account. She had not the "ecstatic temperament," "was not inclined to the supernatural," had "loved life and lived it," and "neither feared death, nor thought much about it." All this explanation we take to be in the nature of a protest uttered in advance against the possible criticism that the account which follows is the work of a fine-spun imagination grafted upon a sensitive, high-strung poetic temperament, like, let us say, Miss Phelps' own. But Mary, that is the name of the brain-sick patient, keeps her character, true to herself to the last, a circumstance which adds not a little to the interest of the story she relates. She does not remember to seek out the Master upon her first entrance into Heaven, and meets him by a kind of accident. She converses with Jesus a long time without recognizing him, as a sister of keener religious sensibilities

\*BEYOND THE GATES. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Price \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.



would have been sure to do, and only discovers his identity by the word of another. All the voices and sounds of the celestial nature, of the running streams, the lapping waves on the shore, the breeze-laden leaves, the choiring angels, are set to the tune of a never-ending Trisagion, deepening in effect and beauty by an occasional open-air concert led by Beethoven, yet Miss Phelps is not wholly occupied with matters of such purely supernal interest as these. She reflects with rapturous content upon the limitless opportunities for study and culture the new life will present. Give her but time, *i. e.* eternity, and she will learn all things: what Angelo had been doing all the years since his translation; what Darwin was doing in the eternal life; with what the "fine intellect of Paul" was occupied, and where Judas was. She would look up "all the songs of all the poets," to learn what proportion had "sifted through the strainers of spiritual criticism." This is one of those fantastic expressions with which Miss Phelps too frequently spoils her best writings. Strainers of spiritual criticism! We shall need some teachers of good rhetoric in the life to come. Then she wonders if the beautiful creatures of the poet's and novelist's imagination here below may not prove real up there, and resolves to set out on a journey some day in hope of finding Sigfried and Juliet, Desdemona and Dinah Morris, Colonel Newcome and Sam Weller.

Miss Phelps' heaven, like her theology, is of mixed and uncertain orthodoxy. She repeats with child-like faith and obedience to the Master her belief that immortality is his gift, one promised in the written word containing his life-history, yet Darwin is an inhabitant of the same heaven, as well as the outcast little girl whom she had befriended, given up and lost sight of, on earth, who had no faith or opinions of any kind, nothing but a strong grateful love for her benefactor, which proved a chord strong enough to draw her to the love of the highest. Miss Phelps' heaven is a place of perfect goodness and happiness, yet not of complete attainment either in knowledge or experience, a condition of things as inspiring to dwell upon in imagination, as impossible to realize either in logical understanding or, we fear, in fact. Heaven is a place which inspires a sense of perfect safety, where "nothing more can happen" to us, yet the work of learning, teaching, growing, saving souls goes on. Nothing is expected of people but "to be natural." Here on the earth people learn through suffering born of error, in heaven they learn "by being saved from suffering." Here the writer touches on a deep truth, which we need not wait to go to heaven to realize and practice. The new-born spirit is allowed to return to the earth to minister to the grieving friends left behind. In the treatment of this portion of her theme, Miss Phelps betrays a mingled acceptance of the teachings taught by Swedenborg and the modern spiritualist. It is the former's teaching, we believe, that only the lower class of spirits remain near the earth, and that all communication between the two orders of existence takes place as it is ordered from

above, not sought or desired from below. The spirit of the lost daughter and sister passes through closed doors, folds mother and brother in a close, loving embrace, whispers love's entreaties and warnings in the ears of those left behind, quite in accordance with the principles of Jackson Davis theorists.

Miss Phelps' book is saved from the last degree of extravagance by the closing scenes, where the spirit returns to its fever-stricken body, the patient awakes from her thirty hours' stupor, to hear the doctor say she will get well now, and that he must change the medicine. To have projected the scenes and incidents of her stay wholly in an unknown realm of existence, the "undiscovered country," the goal of all the world's religious hopes and beliefs, without the saving clause of brain fever, would have been an experiment too daring for even the author of "Gates Ajar," and too trying to the credulous faith of her most admiring readers.

### SOME GREAT PICTURES.

AEBIE M. GANNETT.

Dr. William F. Harris is giving in Boston a series of lectures on art, and the first lecture was in substance as follows:

If we were artists, we should study technique, but as we are students of art, we desire to get at the meaning of the artist. In classic art we see freedom. [Illustrated by stereopticon view of head of Juno.] But it is chiefly physical freedom here displayed. The expression of unrestraint is seen in the lips, the brow, the poise of the head.

In romantic, or Christian art, we likewise see freedom, but it is freedom of a different sort. Here we have beauty of the soul, rather than physical beauty, and consequently we have freedom of the soul in place of that expressed by classic art. Raphael's "Madonna" is one illustration. The curtains are drawn aside, and the Mother and Child appear to have floated downward. St. Sixtus on their right has prayed for the presence to bless the church, and lo! the vision. Santa Barbara on the left has an expression of self-satisfaction at the result of the supplication, until meeting the intense gaze of the child which she cannot bear, it changes into one of deep seriousness while she turns her head aside. Around are the angel faces; below are the cherubs with their wonderful, rapt looks. How beautiful is the shape of the wind-blown mantle of the Virgin! Wide-opened are her eyes as if in this visit to the earth she beheld a vision of the future of her son; beheld it wondering, spell-bound, awed. Those eyes, and those of the son, which are like them in expression, are the glory of the picture. Though so intensely expressive of the wonder and awe moved by the vision, they yet denote acceptance. The width of the face in the mother shows strength, yet it is a strength wholly womanly and beautiful. In most engravings the face is narrowed, and the eyes are made smaller and are softened in expression. The object of the



engraver is evidently to produce a pleasing, refined picture; but generally the meaning, the character of the face is lost.

The child, also, seems to behold the vision of the future. From the expression in lips, in cheeks, he would seem to shrink from, repel it. How admirably suggestive is this of the mood of the infant when brought toward what it dislikes. The lips pout, the cheeks slightly distend. Yet the spirit of assent is in the countenance, and herein is constituted the majesty of this divine child-face.

Holbein's "Madonna" represents Mother and Son in a far different aspect. Grouped about them are the burgomaster's family whose babe is sick, and for whose recovery they are still praying. The mother, at the left of the Madonna, is still in supplication upon her knees, with face bent downward. By her side is her daughter, likewise in prayer. Their faces are almost hopelessly sad. Near them is a shadowy figure representing, doubtless, the grandmother, who is often presumed to be present in scenes of anxiety. The father at the right (with a face worthy to be Luther's own) has caught sight of the divine vision, comprehends its meaning, and his rugged, grand features are lighting up from faith to a joyous hope. The son, near him, has the little babe, but he does not see the miracle which is taking place, and his look is that of one who has no hope. But the babe already feels the returning tides of health; his feet have found the floor, he stretches out his arm with a consciousness of strength, and smilingly regards it. The Divine Child has taken upon itself his sickness. Languidly he reclines against the Virgin's breast with all the touching pathos of child-suffering in his face. Yet the artist has refrained from expressing emaciation or strong pain, so that the scene is tender and beautiful as well as pathetic. The gaze of the child is that of one who observes what is around him, and one arm is outstretched as if in benediction.

The face of the Madonna is simply that of the solicitous mother, having little of the wonder and loveliness characterizing the Madonna of Raphael.

The "St. Cecilia" is most remarkable. In the centre is the beautiful figure of St. Cecilia and her upward glance expresses the sublime rapture of one hearing heavenly music. Her hand, dropped by her side, scarcely holds the reed-organ, and the reeds are slipping from their places. Her attitude is that of one in an ecstatic trance. Her face holds us by its perfect purity and earnestness. Her eyes are as the eyes of the soul. Her companions, St. John and St. Paul on her right, and St. Augustine and Mary Magdalene on the left, do not hear the music, probably; but they wait respectfully, almost reverently, until her spell is broken. Mary Magdalene was about to present her a jar of perfume, but delays, with her finger upon the jar's mouth, until the spirit of the saint returns to earth. Her expression, though respectful, shows no appreciation, comprehension of the other's mood; and so her face, though beautiful in form, is a marvellous contrast

to St. Cecilia's; sense as contrasted with soul, so we think.

On the ground, neglected, broken, worn by time, are the discarded earthly instruments. All are forgotten in the wonder of the heavenly singing.

The celestial choir are seen above, and they are caught in such a storm of harmony, their hair, their very garments seem moved by it.

The "Holy Night" by Correggio is another illustration of the spirit of Christian art. In the centre of the picture is the manger where, half-reclined, is the Virgin, with the child lying in her arms. All the light in the picture emanates from the child. It glorifies the face of the mother, illumines the other faces, and even reflects upon the disporting figures of the angels overhead. The study of light and shade in this picture is one that can be most interestingly carried out. The Virgin's face is sweetly tender. We think of the child but as in a blaze of glory. Near the Madonna is Joseph endeavoring to draw back the stubborn ass that yet would approach that couch of straw. In the rear is the herdsman pulling by the rope an ox also attracted to stay within.

The uncouth shepherd at the right of the holy group is a most attractive figure. He leans upon his staff, one hand grasping his shock of hair, while his face lights up with adoring wonder. His son, whose face is aglow with delight, is looking up towards the father that the latter may sympathize in his joy. The shepherd's dog looks up with eyes full of understanding. A maiden, a little nearer the mother and child, finds the light so strong, she shades her face with her hand; adoration and joy are also upon her face; and even the doves in the basket upon her arm peer forth as if not wholly blind to the amazing spectacle. Indeed, the whole idea of the picture is that all animated nature partakes of the blessing of this marvelous event, and wonders and adores.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF UNITARIANISM IN CHICAGO.

"A LETTER TO THE CHANNING CLUB, READ AT A RECENT MEETING."

My recollections of Unitarianism in Chicago reach back about twenty-five years. We had one church then on the north side of Washington street, about half way between Clark and Dearborn. It was a frame building; you went down one step into the yard, and then down another into the church, which was pervaded by a dim but not religious light. When the boys fell to boasting of the splendor of their places in Milwaukee, one said, "We've got a cupola on ours;" but the other cut him out by saying, "We've got a mortgage." Our church had both, and a bell, if I remember, to boot; still we were not splendid, for they were all three small, and the bell, as I remember it, "sassy."

The church was between seed-time and harvest. Rush R. Shippen had resigned, perhaps two years



before I came, after some years—seven, perhaps—of excellent service, and then the Rev. George F. Noyes, of Portland and San Francisco, had been called. Mr. Noyes was a man of a most eager and beautiful spirit, but did not succeed as a preacher, while he did succeed entirely in winning the love of his congregation. He established the Ministry-at-large, and that was a very noble stroke of work; its office was in a room at the rear of the church. Mr. Hadley was the Minister-at-large, and when he was disabled the Church called this scribe to succeed him, and the days are still too short for him to thank the good old Mother Church and George F. Noyes for that great boon.

Mr. Noyes resigned his charge early in 1859, and then the church went into the business, always full of risks against which there is no insurance, of hearing no end of candidates. Some of our best men came out from the East.—Briggs, of Salem, one of the choicest men I had ever heard up to that time; Brigham, of Taunton; Thompson, also of Salem; Woodbury, of Providence; Sears, the author of "Foregleams;" Arthur Fuller, brother to Margaret; and Mr. Harrington, brother to a former brilliant minister of the Church.

They were as diverse as chalk and cheese, but all able men, and I think that any one of them would have accepted a call, but none of them were called, even, let alone chosen. Arthur Fuller filled the church right out to the door, a thing to be wondered at in those days, but he was a little too sensational. Another, still alive, gave us sermons of a marvelous girth and deepness, but as in his month—for they stayed a month apiece—everybody, including dear old Mr. Burr, caught cold, I think they concluded it was the preaching did it, and he was scratched off by ———, who has long been in heaven. Brother Harrington was hot enough to set fire to the old frame, almost, but he had been an actor, and preached as if he was still on the stage. Every sermon was a drama duly drawn up and acted out to its superb close, which came before it was expected, and let you fall from the dizzy heights feeling rather flat, and I for one was not sorry he did not meet the demand, though I liked the man. Stebbins, then of Portland, now of San Francisco, was the last I can remember, and he was clearly the man the Church wanted. The satisfaction was deep, and I think universal, but it was not down in the books that he should be the minister; the church was a little tired, the call was not given promptly; I was sent East to see him and find out how he felt. The result was he did not come, though he was, as I thought, fairly inclined to come. Still, there must have been a watching providence over that adventure, for after some years he came back from the Pacific coast on a Sunday. Went with me to hear Brother Herford, saw an angel in human guise at the church door by name of Lucy, and in due time persuaded her to be the angel of the church in San Francisco.

The church did another noble thing in those days while it was in no-wise prosperous. It swarmed

and provided a new hive. I notice I am mixing metaphors, but cannot help that. It was agreed there should be three churches, indeed mother and two daughters, and that each of the daughters should have an endowment out of the mother's estate. But man proposes, etc., and only one was born then, my dear old Unity. This was in 1857. She stayed, as was fitting, in the old home. Thomas Starr King was called to be her minister, I think; certainly it was on the cards to call him, but again man proposes. His grand work was waiting to be done on the Pacific slope; there lay his predestination and election, and this could not be broken, though no one knew the reason why and—blamed Boston.

It fell out in the long term of candidating in the old Mother Church that we were often without a preacher of any sort from the East, and then I got a chance to fill the gap. An old miller in England told me once I should be useful as a sort of spare rail to fill up any gap, and so it was in Chicago. I never balked, and if I had nothing to say, said it as well as I knew how. Some liked me, and some didn't, and seeing me in the pulpit would turn round and go home. I do not blame them; I fear I should have done the same. \* \* It is probable they are all dead or have wandered away from Chicago; so we may see the peril that attends such backsliding from the means of grace, for they might have gone to sleep, and that I should have borne better.

The new-born church on the North Side began to say along toward the summer of 1859, "let us hire a meeting-house, ask this new man to preach for us, and begin to hold services." They hired the meeting-house from the Baptists, and began with them the last Sunday in May of that year, holding on meanwhile to the Ministry-at-large. The endowment from the Mother Church enabled them to buy a lot very far out north, on the corner of Dearborn and Chicago Avenue; they built a church that year. Dr. Hosmer came from Buffalo to preach the Dedication sermon. I think that was Christmas day; it was cold enough for a Christmas in Iceland; the weather would not work, and again on the Sunday it was half way through with my sermon, and it was no use—I cannot stand it, no more can you; let us go home, and home they went; but my old friends, Deacon Mears and his wife, took me home to dinner, warmed and fed me royally, and I mind we had turkey; my stomach has a long memory.

The mother church and the daughter got on well together. Unity grew so that I had to give up the Ministry-at-large, and do the one thing as well as I was able. The war broke out and took many of our young men away from both churches; but we stood to the grand duty of the day, and made a record all around our children will remember with pride, especially in the work of the young, and of all the women; and after the war came the new day.

So run my recollections; they might be much extended, but I have no time for more. They are all sunny now, and sweet.

ROBERT COLLYER.



## PROPHECY IN THE LIGHT OF HISTORY.

A letter written by Dr. Bellows to First Unitarian Church in Chicago over twenty-six years ago. And re-read before the Channing Club at a recent meeting.

TO THE UNITARIAN SOCIETY IN CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.—  
*Brethren*:—Having, on a recent visit to your city, become deeply impressed with the importance of your Society to the general interests of the Unitarian cause in the Northwest, and learning that you were about to take measures of one sort or another, not yet determined on, for the extension of your influence in your own city and neighborhood, I have thought it my duty as a member of the Board of the American Unitarian Association, and as a disinterested friend of our common cause, to offer you some suggestions founded on my own experience and observation, respecting the policy that should govern your movements.

Notwithstanding the favorable opportunity I enjoyed of a full conversation with several respected members of your congregation, I feel fully the partial character of my acquaintance with your interests, and must entirely disclaim the presumption of any positiveness or sense of infallibility in my counsels. Please give them only the weight they shall be found to have when put in the scales of your collected intelligence and experience.

It is a very rare thing for Unitarianism to have so far got the start of other sects in a great and flourishing community as to number in its ranks more of the ability, weight and influence of the city than any other church within its boundaries. Our cause usually comes in tardily, after the other denominations have helped themselves to the best citizens, to take what is left of the social worth and power, and, at this great disadvantage, labor at serious odds for the residue of its life, with more deeply rooted, because older organizations. Happily, you struck early into the then unsuspected richness of your soil, and have already obtained a sturdy, vigorous hold upon the land. Your sources of nourishment are as free and liberal as those of other sects, and this I assure you is an advantage, altogether peculiar to your case; and which cannot be too carefully and watchfully improved. For it is utterly vain for denominations which are not coeval with the origin of communities, ever to obtain anything more than a colonial and limited life in the midst of them.

Having thus happily commenced your congregational life almost with the origin of your city, you have a glorious opportunity of keeping pace with its growth, and thus maintaining the superiority of reputation and influence now conceded to you. But in order to do this, no time is to be lost. Every year, now, ought to do, and can do, more for our common cause in Chicago than ten, yes, than fifty years, when your city becomes as old as ours. Then, other denominations will have pre-occupied the ground, and wrought themselves in with its political, social and commercial powers. Then, habit, prejudice, respect for the past, and all the restraining influences of domestic commitments to other eccles-

iastical relations, will operate with the same power they do in New York, to prevent ten thousand Unitarians in actual sentiment, from joining Unitarian organizations. Now, your whole social and economic life is fluent and elastic; there is no tyranny of dominant sects; little power of religious fashion; your leading men are young, enterprising and courageous; and everything favors the spread and propagation of our churches and our sentiments. Chicago, in this state of things, *can be made the Boston of the Northwest*; the centre and reservoir of liberal sentiments in religion—lending all the vast power of its commercial weight and influence to the dignity and authority of our cause, doing for those noble young states—Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Illinois—what Boston has done for Massachusetts and New England.

But if this immense and glorious work is to be done at all, all that is radical and decisive in it must be done quickly—done in the next five years. By that time you will have probably doubled your population, and—as every year in your life must be multiplied by ten to get at its actual significance as compared with the life of ordinary communities—I speak soberly when I say that five years hence you will be morally and socially—and for all purposes of church-planting, fifty years older than you are now—and just so much harder and more hopeless to deal with.

Now, just now, then, is your great harvest time; and if you are going in for all that properly belongs to you of true glory and importance in our cause and our Master's work, you must strike boldly, generously, and with united sacrifices of time, money and feeling, in the cause of Church Extension. Nothing less, in my judgment, than three churches can meet the actual want of your city at this time. You need them for your own local convenience; but much more you need them as signs and tokens that you possess the land. You want them as flags and monuments of the existence, ubiquity and pretensions of the Unitarian cause. You want them as occasions for calling out the latent strength, devotion and heroism of the avowed Unitarians in your city, and as homes for the unknown, floating liberal sentiment of your free community. You want them as generous rivals and provokers to good works of each other. And if you do not get them now—mark me, you will soon become used, as most large communities do, to regard one Unitarian Church as the natural and fair proportion of power and influence due to our sentiments in great cities, and you will settle down into a slothful and fatal content. Nay, get at once, out of this disastrous solitude. Divide and conquer. We struggled along for many years in New York, a miserable life, as one congregation. We divided and are ten times stronger. If we could subdivide, we should be stronger still. Alas, we have an old prejudiced city to deal with in which all the professional and social influence was, generations ago, pledged to other sects, and the unhappy consequence is, that we are now hardly more than a powerful New England Colony in the



midst of a strange Dutch city. You want to be at home in your Unitarianism at Chicago, and this you can only do, by making your churches as numerous, familiar, sightly and general, as those of any sect in the city. Be sure that it is nothing but the strangeness of Unitarian churches that keeps the people away from them. Let it be no peculiarity, no oddity to attend a Unitarian church, and thousands would prefer what accords so thoroughly with their wants and experiences. But how are you to overcome this strangeness, but by multiplying places of worship? Get three churches of our faith a-going in Chicago, and the next three will spring up with the natural growth of the city. Get six in three years and you may have sixty in as many years, and go far to control the whole religious destiny of the Northwest.

I understand that your present church property is worth, say \$70,000; and that if divided into equitable parts it would build two modest churches in the newer parts of the city, and furnish a lot of ground for another church in the centre of Chicago, which it should be the ambition of those residing in that region, to make a noble, elegant and commanding structure, worthy of the dignity, authority and prominence of our faith in your community. If the neighborhood in which the offshoots of your society should be planted, are not yet able to add anything considerable to the sums the parent society allotted them from the fund of \$70,000 (which I think would not be the case), still they would have enough to build with, and make suitable and effective religious homes. But I think policy demands that one Unitarian Church in Chicago should stand out and up, grandly and unmistakably—the finest and noblest structure in your city—a sign known and read of all men, of your existence, ability, generosity and self-sacrifice. I do not think the importance of this central church, the cathedral, as it were, of Unitarianism in the Northwest, can be over-rated, and that it is an enterprise on which the wealth, energy and time (that most precious commodity in cities like yours) of your congregation, ought most freely to be lavished. I do not ask you to rush into a heavy debt for this purpose, but I do ask you not to be afraid of a moderate one. I ask you to give generously, religiously, enthusiastically, to this enterprise, and then to be willing, if you cannot at once get all you require, to bear a moderate burden of debt for the sake of a satisfactory church. I am well aware of the appearance of wisdom and caution which a counsel of an opposite sort might wear; but your case is not a common one; and I care less for appearances of sound judgment in advising you, than for the reality which I am confident time would justify.

I presume you will ask, where are the men to come from, to preside over so many churches? My only answer is, that I think Chicago entitled to any men she chooses to ask out of other pulpits in the East; and that I believe a public impression of the opportunities and claims of your city can be made upon our whole Unitarian community, which would

make it easy to remove ministers of competent zeal, faculty and acceptance to your help. Meanwhile you have one tried, faithful and experienced minister on the ground, and I am much deceived if he does not heartily welcome every new laborer into the field—the boundless field—of his Master's vineyard in your wonderful and peculiar community.

If time were at my command, I should dwell with intense interest upon the importance of disseminating practical, rational and Scriptural views of Christianity in the Northwest, and on the singular aptitude of your people to receive them. I should speak long and earnestly on the vast importance of laying deep the foundations of religious institutions in your young cities and states, and of the pressing need of sacrifices largely of your money and time to the means and ends of worship, religious teaching and Christian charity. I should say how deeply convinced I am that the Unitarianism of Chicago would affect the whole future history of the lake country—beneficently and intently, and that a bold, generous and united course in your congregation now, has consequences of boundless importance to virtue, faith and piety, hanging upon it. But all these considerations I leave, with these hints, to your own reflections—urging only the main point, of the glorious crisis which now exists in your position—and opportunities with the earnest prayer that you may be equal to it and worthy of it.

Let me add only a genuine expression of misgiving, in the sense of presumption I have in volunteering my opinion and advice so freely. I beg to assure you, that I am not wedded to any particular scheme for your enlargement, but only to the general idea of your immediate and energetic action as a congregation, to whom great duties and great privileges belong.

With sincere deference to your mature counsels—with hopes of pardon for anything obtrusive in this letter—but above all with earnest prayers that you may be lead to act in that way which is most favorable to Christ's kingdom and God's glory—I am your friend and brother in the Gospel,

HENRY W. BELLOWS.

New York, April 7, 1857.

## Our Unity Pulpit.

### THE UNPARDONABLE SIN.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

"Therefore I say unto you, every sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men; but the blasphemy against the Spirit shall not be forgiven. And whosoever shall speak a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him; but whosoever shall speak against the Holy Spirit, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, nor in that which is to come.—Matt. xii. 31, 32.

This is a terrible saying; the hardest in the New Testament—one which has carried untold agonies to thousands of sensitive souls. Countless are the heads that have tossed on sleepless pillows, and too numerous for numbering are the men and women



who, in times past, and even to this day, have been chained in maniac cells, driven into raving insanity by this awful threat. As a deliberate, scientific statement, as a coolly constructed dogma stating an absolute, hopeless condition of the soul as the result of some peculiar and vaguely determined sin, I have no use for it, except to discard and deny it.

I believe that the constitution of the moral universe is such, that it is possible for the sinner, by penitence and reconstructive effort, to win his way back from the darkest depths of the lowest sin into somewhat of holiness, usefulness and joy. This is one of the most fundamental elements in my faith. It is a pivotal point in my religion.

But taking this text as the earnest, impassioned rhetoric of a soul profoundly stirred, I discover in it a most searching truth. Taking the utterance as the fervid words of literature rather than the cold words of dogmatic science, I find in the text a hint of an awful reality. A careful study of the context will show you how this strong, honest soul was goaded to this vehement utterance by the wicked, persistent misrepresentation of his words and deeds by those who ought to have known better.

It was the Sabbath, and conventional religion had on its piety clothes. The little band of reformers were travelling along upon their generous mission. They were jealously watched by the Jewish deacons lest the journey might exceed the prescribed limits of the Sabbath day. The hungry men pluck the heads of the ripening grain as they hurry along. Law and custom made this permissible on every other day, but the guardians of piety remind them that it is unlawful on the Sabbath. He replies that this is nothing but what their great King David did before them; that the temple-priests are exempt from this restriction; and that here is greater than temple service, did they but understand the spirit of the saying, "I will have mercy and not sacrifice," *i. e.*, morality, not formality. He enters the synagogue; a poor cripple attracts the attention of this physician who lived before the line between bodily and spiritual disease was as sharply drawn as at the present time. He is as anxious to relieve the sufferer in the one direction as in the other. But they interpose with the question, "Is it lawful to heal on the Sabbath day?" He retorts, "Is it not lawful to do well on the Sabbath day?" Even they would not object to help a sheep out of a pit on the Sabbath. How much more is a man than a sheep! The Pharisees hold council against him that they may destroy him. He quietly withdraws and continues his benevolent work with the multitude following. Even the maniac, if we are to believe the record, was soothed by his presence, and the insane were pacified by his word. Still the persecuting critics follow. Even his good deeds they ascribe to an evil inspiration. "This fellow casts out devils by Beelzebub." Thus it was that more and more clearly did he come to see that their piety was but a thin

varnish. He saw the cold cruelty of their lives directed by expediency and policy. He saw how they were drawing the bars on their own souls, bolting themselves inside the dungeons of tradition, and enslaving their own spirits in the fetters of conventional dogma and conservative death. Then it was that a righteous indignation burned within him, and with a voice burdened with feeling, his eye kindling with heavenly contempt for things mean and truckling, he declares that the sins and blasphemies which they are so vigilant in avoiding are but trifling compared with that awful blasphemy against the sanctity of their own better selves, the sin against the Holy Spirit working in their breasts. "This is what will permanently cripple you. This is the crime from which you cannot escape and which you cannot forget. Crimes born out of ignorance and passion, the product of weakness, God in His mercy will deal kindly with. But this cool, calculating spirit of selfishness, this deliberate defiance to the divine dictates of justice, the promptings of love, the leadings of reason, are crimes so heinous that they smell rank in heaven. The crime of crimes is this crime against your own conscience; the murder of murders is the strangling of your own ideas; the robbery that cheapens all other thefts is that calculating cowardice that deliberately robs the future of your honest word—that cheats humanity of the honest man or the frank woman that God intended to give to it through you. If there be an unpardonable sin, it is that which," from the craven motives of expediency or cowardice, robs the soul;—the intellect, of its integrity, and the heart of the sweet candor that is the noblest ornament of man and the finest grace of woman. I do believe that it will yet appear that this is the crime of crimes, perhaps the greatest sin mortals are capable of. You say this is a hard saying. I know it, and I would not have dared to say it had not Jesus said it before me. I might shrink from the intensity of my speech, if I did not believe that there rose within his spirit an indignation that I am incapable of.

Do you ask for arguments to justify this hard saying? I will offer three:

I. This is the sin that visits the severest penalty upon one's self.

II. This is the sin that has the most pernicious effect upon others.

III. It has always aroused the deepest indignation in the noblest souls.

I will try to illustrate these points.

I. This sin brings the most calamitous result to the sinner; timid expediency and selfish-eyed policy is the dagger that the soul most often uses in stabbing itself. Perhaps there is not a crime in the calendar that leaves a more indelible brand upon the soul than intellectual disloyalty. Infanticide is the crime that arouses the greatest abhorrence in any healthy soul. Is not he who deliberately smothers the children of his brain guilty of this crime?

Let us try and make a comparative study. Take a man who has for years practiced upon himself



the terrible sin of inebriation—his hand is unsteady; his eyes are bleared; his brain is muddled; he is eaten through and through by the worm of the still, and yet there is hope for such a man. Though he may have striven to release himself from this appetite seventy times, and though he has fallen seventy times seven times, there is still hope for him if through all these sad, degrading years he has never ceased to long for a sober life, there have always been gleams of manliness between the fitful flashes of his delirium. The passionate sparks of love for wife, the penitent tears of shame on behalf of his children, are bright gleams of promise in the darkness. His conscious disgrace shows that God's love and redeeming grace, every now and then, break through the dark cloud that overshadows him.

There is more hope for this inebriate finding a manly joy and tasting the divine inspiration of life, than there is for the man who, years and years ago, secretly smothered the questionings of his own soul; snubbed the inquiring spirit of God in his nature, and made up his mind to subscribe to the creed he did not believe and say nothing about it. To go without protest into the church his own higher nature could not indorse, and to spend his money in the propagation of ideas he could not respect, that thereby he might secure standing in society, congenial society for his wife, fashionable relationship for his girls and better prospects for his boys. The inebriate sinned against the laws of God as written in his body; but this man sinned against the laws of God as revealed in the soul. Let the debauchery be equal and the crime of the latter is as much greater than the former as conscience is above stomach.

I like to think of souls as having a quality that answers for dimensions. I like to believe that they vary greatly in this quality. Who knows but, if we could see souls as God sees them, we would be surprised to discover that that woman, stained by the sin we blush to name, whose soul was scarred by the lusts that were poured from parental veins into hers, who three years ago at Memphis died from the plague she deliberately went to meet, that she might mitigate the torture it visited upon others, had a larger soul than many a dainty sister who by slow degrees has been shriveling up her spirit, drying out her heart by trying to think the thoughts her mind repels, by doing things her better nature despises—voting "aye" when reason prompts "nay;" habitually standing on grounds where her conscience protests.

It may be that in the sight of God the thriftless soul that last night somewhere stole the loaf out of which he made his breakfast this morning, is not so far down the road of spiritual death as the still more thriftless soul of the preacher who, in the name of God and the interest of righteousness, refuses to break in candor and sincerity the spiritual loaf which God has given him this morning to feed hungry souls with, lest perchance it may arouse the deacons, affect the subscription list, drive

away some timid brother whom he hopes to help or bring on a theological controversy.

Oh! if we could fully realize the way this sin against the Holy Spirit within, burns itself into the core of the soul that commits it, we, too, would see with Jesus that of all sins this is the most lasting and its consequences are the most difficult to overcome. Other sins sow tares in our garden which will greatly interfere with the growth of our fruit and flowers; and it will take much time and trouble to eradicate them. But this sin against the Spirit of God in the human soul, this indignity offered to the accumulated experience of the past, this turning a deaf ear to the blended voices of our forefathers speaking to us in what to-day we call conscience and intuition, like the pillagers of ancient cities sows our garden with salt, rendering it incapable of producing tares or fruit, weeds or flowers; and the latter condition is as much more deplorable than the former as a barren desert is more unpromising than a tangled thicket.

II. My second justification of this hard saying lies in the fact that this sin has the most pernicious effect upon others. It is the most hurting sin in society to-day. It may be characterized as the dry rot in the heart of the community as well as in the heart of the individual. Most of the crimes of the calendar sound their own warning. Like the early frosts of autumn, the rain or the cyclone, they are heralded by atmospheric changes so that men can do more or less toward guarding themselves from the danger. But this, like the subtle poison of sewer-gas, insinuates itself without warning into the cosiest nooks and the most genial home-circles. Its presence there is first detected by the paling of the cheek, the weakening of the grasp, or perchance the withering breath of the typhoid. The intoxicated man is a walking temperance lecture. The profligate is an open page from which all may read the lessons of chastity. The one homicide is the effective preacher that deters a thousand murders. It is not so with the crimes against the Holy Spirit within. The coach, the mansion, the majority vote at the polls, the broad phylactery, the sumptuous pew and large hearing, the bishop's cap,—all these follow in the train of this subtle infidelity to the Spirit. What wonder, then, that they blind the moral sense of thousands and blunt some of the finer perceptions and purposes of thousands more. The man who robs me of my coat does me a harm. I may suffer from a chilled body for want of it. But the man who robs me of my confidence in my fellow-man does me an infinitely greater harm. I must suffer from a chilled heart on account of that. Rheumatism may be the result of the one chill, but cynicism is the result of the other. Who would not prefer being a rheumatic to being a misanthrope?

Friends—I bemoan, with you, the growth of the coarser vices. I grieve over the appalling statistics of inebriety and licentiousness; but I am thoroughly persuaded that these do not threaten the state one-half as much as the cautious, limping,



compromising tone of our pulpits when they handle the great living vital questions of thought, when they are confronted by the questions which the Holy Spirit of God propounds to this last quarter of the nineteenth century of the Christian era. The indifference of what is deemed our best men and women to the great central questions of life and truth, the deadness of what we term "good society," the absence of enthusiasm in our churches for noble things, these are the alarming indications that the communication is imperfect between the human and divine, between God and man. Let us confront facts. Think of the unchurched Chicago of to-day, thousands of men who are sitting at home, not in squalor or crime, but in slippered elegance and respectability, smiling a half-contemptuous smile as they think of the five or ten thousand empty seats in elegant churches, because these churches do not stand to them as fountains of inspiration, but as places where, for all their painted saints and stained-glass symbols, are wanting in "the soul's east windows of divine surprise," places where timid, backward-looking, limp intellects go on—

"Pumping phrases for the ineffable  
Though all the valves of memory gasp and wheeze."

These men may be unjust, doubtless are, in their estimate, but they testify to the far-reaching paralysis that spreads from those who waste time "in patching fig leaves for the naked truth." These are the alarming signs of our times, the most hurting influences in our community. God help the boys and girls that are doomed to grow up in an atmosphere where the subtle, enervating influence of compromise with conscience permeates every strata of society and undermines the moral and spiritual constitution—leaving the will power so enfeebled, that it falls an easy victim to the tempting vices.

III. My third reason, I said, for emphasizing this hard saying was, that this sin against the Holy Ghost has always aroused the indignation of the noblest souls. 'Tis the one thing that has always called out the protest of the prophets of all times and all places. Their sternest rebukes have always been reserved for intellectual dishonesty and disloyalty to the spirit of truth. Read all the Bibles of the ages, listen to the most impassioned warnings of all the great captains of thought from Socrates to Luther, from Buddha to Channing, and you will find that their warnings are hurled against insincerity. Jesus had fellowship and tenderness for publicans, sinners, and Samaritan outcasts; but whenever he speaks the word "Pharisees," which according to Gospel record he does some thirty times, it is always with the accent of warning, of rebuke, or of contempt; and yet they undoubtedly were what then was and what would still be considered the better class of society. In connection with the scribes they represented the wealth, the culture, and the church life of Jewry. They were people who did not steal, lie nor cheat. They were freer, doubtless, than any other branch of the

community from debauchery and coarseness, and yet they were singled out to receive the strongest indignation of the largest and tenderest soul in history. Why? It certainly was not because they were rich, intelligent and law-abiding, but because they were complacent in the presence of great wrongs; because they were indifferent to mighty and pressing truths; because they were proud of their own attainments; they were cynical; had sneers for every word of progress and every suggestion of reform. They had killed the children of their own brains, over and over again, had throttled their own ideals, had silenced the voice of progress in the soul. In the presence of such sins as these even Jesus himself could not brook his indignation. Some twenty times did he hurl the charge of hypocrisy against them. This is the sin that has always stirred the blood of God's noblest children. This indignation thunders in the tones of Luther. It roars in the implications of Knox and explodes like bombshells in the mandates of Milton and Cromwell. This is the hot shot used in the artillery of Theodore Parker and Charles Sumner, and it made caustic the language of even such delicate, tender souls as Shelley, Channing, Thoreau and Samuel J. May.

But I do not care to follow this third argument farther, for it is already implied in the former.

I wish I could take all appearance of vehemence or bitterness out of my words. I am not unmindful of the danger of confounding this indignation of the prophets with the much cheaper thing, the partisan resentment of the bigot who identifies truth with his own thought and has no patience with those who do not look at it from his own standpoint. I try to avoid this. But, at the danger of being misunderstood, I have dared to speak of what I deem to be a very practical and pressing question—a question compared to which all the questions in morals, theology and religion, that ask for settlement to-day are secondary and trivial, viz: how far is the minister and the church of to-day justified in suppressing the spirit within in the interest of what seems a great good without? It is a great thing to make a genial, social church-home, around which the refinement and the amenities of the community will gather. It is a good thing to speak the words of morality and religion in such a way that the large audience one Sunday will bring a larger audience the next. I believe in easy finances and successful treasuries; but shall these things be bought by the enslavement of a single soul? Is a gradual and unconscious disintegration of one's belief in the Trinity and eternal punishment of such value that it is worth having at the cost of one's confidence in the pulpit and respect for the manliness of the ministry? Shall I countenance that liberalizing of existing organizations that brings distrust of the voice that is lifted in prayer and carries with it a subtle contempt for the altar of religion and all that pertains to it? No. Let others do as they please and let their accountability be rendered to God and God alone. Let no man pass judgment upon them. Let



me seek rather that near failure than a sixty years' success that will end in a lasting failure. Let men remain ever stalwart and manly believers in what to me are the intellectual atrocities of Calvinism, rather than to win for them a single grace of thought by the paralysis of conscience.

But why should a man make himself disagreeable? Why should he break up the sweet complacency of prosperity? Why should he risk genial friendships and turn his back on helpful associations? I don't know why. Ask God. I only know that it is so ordered. "When God lets loose a thinker in this world the earth trembles," says Emerson, and history warrants the statement that prophets have always been disagreeable people to their neighbors.

"Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes—they were men who stood alone,  
While the men they agonized for hurled the contumelious stone."

Do we not find here an explanation of the paradox that has troubled many students in the life of Jesus? As Matthew has arranged it, the first public discourse of Jesus begins with the Beatitudes dropping like honied dew from lips of tenderness, of grace. The last discourse he ever preached, reported by the same writer, found in the twenty-third chapter, ends with the seven woes. That awful malediction falling like sulphurous thunderbolts from lips rigid with indignation, rushing with a tempest of emotion exceeding in dramatic power anything Scott has been able to put into the mouth of a Meg Merrilies, or Schiller into that of Mary Stuart, or Shakspeare of Mark Anthony. How is this? Has he of the Beatitudes degenerated in order to be able to declare the woes? Can the two spring from the same source? Aye, verily. One makes the other possible; divine tenderness for the sinner, and divine indignation against sin always go together. Here is the true rule for determining the relative depths of guilt. The man who steals the loaf that his children may not starve has a different brand upon the soul from the wealthy bank president who leaves his Sunday-school class unprovided for that he may escape with the washer-woman's savings. No, friends, we would not be so sure that the Beatitudes were the utterances of Jesus did we not have also the woes that prove the roundness of his human nature, established in the humanity of his divine soul. It has been so all along. Luther, a very terror to hypocrites, was a passing minstrel with the children. Theodore Parker, the Boanerges of the Boston pulpit, had his own pulpit always garlanded with flowers. The divine injunctions and the divine amenities go ever hand in hand.

"To thine own self be true:  
And it must follow as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Be content with a little light, so it be your own. Explore, and explore. Be neither chided nor flattered out of your position of perpetual inquiry. Neither dogmatize, nor accept another's dogmatism. Why should you renounce your right to traverse the star-lit desert of truth, for the premature comforts of an acre, house, and barn? Truth also has its roof, and bed, and board.—Emerson.

## Correspondence.

### WESTERN UNITARIANISM—ITS METHODS AND CHANGES.

EDITOR OF UNITY—Your paper keeps record of the sayings and doings of good men and women enlisted for "the discovery and application of truth," after the methods of those who follow the standard of Western Unitarianism. I say *follow*, for that standard is not a fixture planted in one spot from whence it must not go, but its bearers proclaim their aim to carry it forward; a wise aim, indeed, which should be a constant inspiration. Only be sure it is set in solid ground, yet a little nearer the sky each time, and all will be well.

Those methods change. In the early days of New England Unitarianism ethics and morals seemed to start from a book, now they start from great human souls in unity with the Divine Soul. Then certain things were held right "because the Bible says so;" now they are held right because man's spiritual nature sanctions them, and the best words of the Bible confirm and emphasize that sanction. Then Jesus was a superhuman being; now "the man Christ Jesus" is an elder brother, natural and human and yet more truly divine than the old ideal. Surely these changes are for the better; they keep the good of the old ways and gain larger good.

A great work has been done by a few gifted men. Channing flooded the dark places of Puritanism with golden light, and inspired men and women with a new faith in their high capacities. Theodore Parker seemed only an iconoclast smiting down gilded idols, but now he is seen as a great builder, clearing away transient rubbish to make solid ground for permanent corner-stones.

I was a Massachusetts child sixty years ago, born just as the new light dawned. Those of later birth cannot realize how Unitarianism warmed and cheered the air. There were noble elements in that old Puritan life, but the time was ripe for a change, and it came.

I can see in the West the same fine strain of good manners which was noticeable among Channing's followers,—the softening of grim asperities in doctrinal theology giving gentler tones and more graceful carriage. Unitarianism, indeed, is good morals wedded to good manners. Faults and limitations it has, for it is human and finite. Not going into criticism I will only suggest one failing, from which it is not free in the West, and surely not elsewhere,—a tinge of complacent self-satisfaction, a mood of such comfortable good feeling as would make it superfluous to look elsewhere for any better thing. This, I regret to say, is shared by a good many other peculiar people, but is shown in a more crude and awkward way, as though "they were not to the manner born."

Hope, light, room to reach up and strength for such upward reaching, a higher scale of the worth and dignity of man, and of the value of reason, conscience and intention; a more tender and just conception of Deity and immortality; a more rational estimate and a better use of the Bible and better and more natural conceptions touching Jesus, are benefits that Unitarianism has brought us.

Trinity, atonement, Bible authority and like questions which have made great stir are becoming past issues, not



dead but not of their old importance. They can never stir the world as they have. Now comes the question between Theism and Atheism—the kingship of mind or matter. Does spirit build body, in planet and man, or is spirit some result of material processes? Is man immortal, or is what we call mind and soul some fine result of digestion, so that when beef-steak and coffee stop he is snuffed out like a brief candle? This is to be discussed in a new and better way, not with fire and fagot, *auto da fe* and dungeon, not by war or persecution or a hell, but by plain talking and wise thinking.

This is called a skeptical age. Is it not rather an age of frank speaking? And is it not better to utter a doubt than to smother it, and so nurse a dry-rot of heart and soul? Silent doubting was the old way, spoken disbelief is the new and better way. Honest doubt, as a help to knowledge, is a reasonable mood; to hold the doubting mood as highest wisdom is agnostic folly—leading to negation and spiritual know-nothingism.

Is Unitarianism in the West to affirm great spiritual realities? On that I hope to say a word ere long. For the present let me suggest that it seems to me our future religious progress must rely largely on the study of the inner life of man and his infinite relations as a spiritual being, and on a recognition of the supremacy of the soul, its capacity to know and discover truth, and the value of intuition as well as outward experience.

Truly yours,

GILES B. STEBBINS.

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 22d, 1883.

#### BOSTON LETEER.

Boston is more alive than ever. Art, philanthropy, the drama and the lecture platform are actually vying with each other for pre-eminence in attracting the interest of the enthusiastic would-be learner and participator in them all. But one is expected to develop unusual powers of absorption while living in this stimulating atmosphere, and so let me try to tell something about these good things that have captured our attention during the past week.

In art there is Winslow Homer's beautiful collection of water-colors now on exhibition at Doll & Richards, and which are a perfect revelation of the capabilities of water-colors when spread by a master hand. The subjects are all marine or pertaining to the sea, taken on the English coast. Besides the sea in all its phases, from the wildest turbulence to the dreamiest repose, there are huge rocks, figures, bright bits of autumn landscape, and an exquisite shadowy picture, "Scotch Mist," all drawn with a bold brush and instilled with life and vigor. Mr. Halsall, his archetype in oils, told me that critics who had just returned from France and England said they had seen nothing at all equal to this work anywhere. We were visiting Mr. Halsall's studio and he was good enough to show us some of his recent canvases not yet seen by the public. He has one huge, splendid sea picture which he is finishing for the Paint and Clay Club exhibition in February. It represents a ship near the coast of Maine boiling in a perturbed sea over which a storm has just passed. It is very beautiful, altogether the finest marine he has given us.

The best thing at the Foreign Exhibition are the pictures, and the schools of France, England, Austria, Germany and Italy are all represented in one hall, thus giving the

best opportunity for a critical study and comprehension of each. The English have some really strong portraits, the Austrians marines and figures of much merit, and the Italians show their best work in vigorous groups of rollicking peasant life. The French and Germans had little distinctively fine.

The recent Annual Meeting of the Boston Associated Charities, at which Robt. Treat Paine presided and Philips Brooks, E. E. Hale, Brooke Herford and others spoke, made a very earnest effort to increase and strengthen the interest in this great instrument for systematizing and effectually doing the charitable work of a city. And the addresses made were stirring and very much to the point. I trust the record of such meetings as these will help our Western friends to persevere in pushing forward their organization in Chicago, and thus to stimulate other large cities to start a like work.

Tremont Temple was again the scene the other night of a spirited meeting in behalf of the education of the colored and negro races. There were present several graduates of the Hampton School of Virginia, who plead for their school and their cause and gave us an idea of the work that was being done. It is based on the true basis of industrial training for girls and boys alike, although the young men who spoke showed the result of excellent scholarship. They want teachers as well as money, and I felt deeply impressed with the field here opened for philanthropic women who longed for a mission.

Mr. Armstrong, principal of Hampton School, Dr. Duryea, and James Freeman Clarke spoke in the endeavor to bring the audience as well as the men and women everywhere, to feel the terrible necessity as well as high duty of aiding to support the education of these fast-growing limbs of our great body politic. I don't see but that the Associated Charities and the education of the colored people together are going to be the great means of solving those grave social problems of the rich and poor, black and white, which all far-sighted thinkers are apprehending.

If people only would be warned and act in season. We may wait as England did, thirty years, before educating our freedmen, and then like her be driven to it by anarchy and war. But oh! how much better now while peace surrounds us, and dangers lie ahead!

Irving is in the midst of his engagement, and actually taking people off their feet with his brilliant representation of Shakespeare. It is like an enchantment to sit before his stage and behold the marvelous accuracy of mounting, costuming and appointment with which he brings the poet's dramas before us. The time, place and scene are pictures with a reality truly astonishing. Irving himself and his rare assistant, Miss Terry, take their place among the cast, not as "stars," but where Shakespeare placed them. Irving's own impersonations give great satisfaction. His genius and intellectual supremacy are undoubted, but his reading is at fault according to all natural standards of expression. Miss Terry is charming, her stage presence is good, her voice, self-poise, and fine intelligence unequalled in any actress we have seen, while the company at large is so wholly excellent that it leaves nothing to be wished.

Mathew Arnold and George Cable call us to the lecture platform. The former, after speaking from the heights of his æsthetic criticism to the rich minority at \$2.00, now



graciously steps to the level of the ordinary purse and advertises to disclose his thoughts on Emerson to-night for 50 cents. This same Emerson lecture, as you may have heard, has with one accord raised the entire Boston press in stern though courteous refutation of both his negations and affirmations on our poet-philosopher, and to a degree, I am sorry to add, that must challenge these critics' reputation for perfect fairness.

Everybody is delighted with Mr. Cable. His entertainments are unique. He has drawn such crowds and the demand to hear him is still so great that he consents to give two extra readings. I wish I could tell you something about the charm of his voice, manner, and particularly his singing of the Creole songs, but my letter grows long and I must pass to one other subject of great interest—Pere Hyacinth. He has spoken twice before great audiences at Trinity and St. Paul's and will probably be prevailed upon to speak again. He has a fine head and face, and speaks with volubility and fluency the most beautiful French ever heard in this country. He expresses his longings for Catholic Reform with such fervor and animation that his hearers seemed almost persuaded that they understood, certainly listened with absorbing interest. He is the first great church reformer France has yet sent forth, and with his spirit of progress and enlightenment one may look for a revolution in Catholic affairs which will do much toward bringing about the millennium time in the churches.

A. FLORENCE HILTON.

## Notes from the Field.

KINDERGARTEN.—An average of 722 children have attended the Free Kindergartens of Chicago the last year.

JANESVILLE, WIS.—H. Tamb Lyche of the Meadville Theological School is supplying the pulpit of All Souls Church during the holidays.

VERMONT, ILL.—One of the first fruits of Mr. Effinger's ministry-at-large was a visit to this place which resulted in his leaving the brethren at work on the roof, replacing the old shingles with new.

LAWRENCE, KAN.—Eight hundred and fifty dollars have been raised for extraordinary expenses in the way of beautifying and perpetuating the old historic stone church last year, the last two hundred and fifty being the result of a recent fair. Five or six hundred more are needed to convert the basement into an attractive parlor and commodious reading-room.

MICHIGAN.—Brother C. S. Udell and his genial helpmate don't seem to know how to live without a Unitarian church. After many years' faithful work as superintendent of Brother Snyder's Mission Sunday-school in St. Louis they have taken hold with the unorganized elements of Grand Rapids, and things begin to look as if they will have a church there. Rev. Henry Powers of Manchester, N. H., has entered upon a three months' tilling of the ground previously broken by Messrs. Forbush, Sunderland and Connor.—The Unitarian Church at East Saginaw is rapidly assuming shape. From descriptions in the local papers we should think it is destined to become one of the most

successful architectural attempts in our Western circle of churches, where there is a commendable interest in better architectural form manifested.

A HORACE MANN MEMORIAL.—On the 12th of November, 1883, the President and Faculty of Antioch College, with Rev. Geo. A. Thayer of Cincinnati, one of the Trustees, met in the President's room at Yellow Springs, to consider a plan for erecting a monument to the memory of Horace Mann.

It was resolved that an attempt should be made to place such a monument in the college grounds at the next annual commencement, June 21, 1884; the monument to cost not less than one hundred nor more than three hundred dollars; and that no person should be asked to contribute more than one dollar, though larger sums will by no means be refused.

The following persons were appointed a committee to procure funds: viz, Rev. Geo. A. Thayer, Prof. J. H. Tafts, W. S. Hendrixon and Miss Evelyn Darling, the last three of Yellow Springs, Ohio.

Such a plan has long been dear to the hearts of our old students, and now by the united efforts of all those who love the college and the memory of its first President can we not change our long-cherished hopes into a sight of the monument on the 21st of June next?

Will not every old student of the college and every person who reveres the memory of Horace Mann send us one dollar as soon as possible after receiving this notice?

If the plan is to succeed, every one interested in it must make it his own, and work for it with a will.

All money received above the amount necessary for the monument will go towards the Horace Mann professorship. Contributions may be sent to President D. A. Long, Yellow Springs, Ohio, or to any of the above named committee.

Will papers interested in this notice please copy?

CINCINNATI.—Not one of our Western churches this winter seems to be fuller of work that is done in a methodic way than that of Mr. Thayer's. The Unity Club has the following studies of Whittier:

- October 19.—The Man: His Family and Surroundings.
- November 14.—New England Legends and Ballads.
- December 12.—His Philosophy and Religion.
- January 9.—His Idea of Christianity.
- February 13.—Immortality: Heaven and Hell.
- March 12.—His Work as a Reformer.
- April 9.—Miscellaneous Poems, and His Place as a Poet.

Also the study of the political history of our country by administrations.

- October 24.—John Adams, 1797-1801.
- November 28.—Thomas Jefferson, 1801-1809.
- December 26.—James Madison, 1809-1817.
- January 30.—James Monroe, 1817-1825.
- February 27.—Andrew Jackson, 1829-1837.
- March 26.—William H. Harrison, 1841-1845.
- April 23.—James K. Polk, 1845-1849.

The Woman's Auxilliary Association has arranged for a series of papers upon the Rise and Progress of American Unitarianism, as follows:

- December 12.—Kings Chapel and Early Unitarianism.  
Mrs. George A. Thayer.
- January 2.—Channing and the Orthodoxy of his day.  
Miss Amanda M. Frank.
- February 6.—Gannett and Missionary Unitarianism.  
Mr. Robert Hosea.



March 5.—Emerson and the Transcendentalists.

Mrs. L. A. Bansemer.

April 2.—Theodore Parker and the New Critical Spirit.

Miss Belle Duhme.

May 7.—Some Modern Representative Unitarians.

Miss Ellen Potter.

June 4.—A Glimpse of Liberal Christianity in Germany.

All ladies in the church, are invited to join this organization. The annual membership due is one dollar, and the money thus raised is used in circulating Unitarian literature throughout the West and South.

The monthly meetings are open to all ladies interested in the essays, or the work of the association, *irrespective of membership*, and the young ladies of the church are especially invited to attend.

## The Study Table.

### BOOKS RECEIVED.

TO LEEWARD. By F. Marion Crawford. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884. pp. 411. \$1.25.

THE ENGLISH BODLEY FAMILY. By Horace E. Scudder. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884. Small 4to. pp. 195. \$1.50.

THE ALPHABET CLUB. By Effie Hand Martin. Milwaukee: Thos. S. Gray. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. pp. Price 15 cents.

EMERSON'S COMPLETE WORKS. Riverside Edition. Vol. IX. POEMS. Vol. X. LECTURES AND BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES. Vol. XI. MISCELLANIES. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884. 12mo. Price per volume, \$1.75.

TENNYSON'S IN MEMORIAM. Its Purpose and Its Structure. A Study. By John F. Genung. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884. Crown 8vo. pp. 199. \$1.25.

LAND AND ITS RENT. By Francis A. Walker. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1883. 16mo. pp. 232.

TO LEEWARD. By F. Marion Crawford. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. pp. 411. Price \$1.25.

A novel of modern Rome, in which the characters are few but well-drawn; the plot is simple and developed with genuine dramatic skill, ever increasing in interest to the dénouement on the last page. Marcantonio Carantoni is an honest young Italian nobleman of ancient family, wealthy and well-educated; an only son, his parents dead, he had lived a life of social respectability up to the age of twenty-nine, but had made for himself no interest in life, and had never been required to show much strength of character. His beautiful and charming sister Diana (a year younger than himself) is of the stuff that makes heroes, saints, or martyrs, as the times will allow; one of those people who seem put into the world by Providence to stand in the breach, to lead the forlornest of hopes, to take up the troubles of the world and bear them bravely, neither groaning under the weight nor making a reckless jest of the burden. She is married to a Frenchman, Vicomte de Charleroi, who has a government appointment at Rome. Miss Leonora Carnethy belongs to that class of young women who delight in being different from "the rest;" she is of mixed race, her father being English and her mother Russian. Under their combined training she had grown to maturity with her father's prejudices, her mother's superstitions, and an exceedingly superficial fondness for philosophy and science. Marcantonio falls in love with and marries Leonora, much to the dissatisfaction of Diana; the latter perceives that while her brother is seriously in love, Leonora is only seeking position and money. After two months of wandering married life, the young people settle

at Sorrento. Just at this point, Julius Batiscombe appears upon the scene. He is a tall, powerful, fine-looking Englishman of thirty-five who, with indomitable will and perseverance, had fought ill-luck and conquered it. Ten years before, he had been the rejected suitor of Diana; since that time he had traveled the whole world over, and had gained fortune and reputation as an author. Leonora, meeting him, falls a victim to his eloquence and personal charms, loving him as only a woman of strong impulse can love the first man she has ever cared for. In a month's time, Batiscombe has persuaded her to elope with him. Diana hastens to take charge of her brother, who is rendered temporarily insane by the blow; but he eludes her watchfulness, tracks the lovers to Cuneo, comes upon them in the summer-house outside the garden, and aims his revolver at Batiscombe. Leonora catches sight of her husband just in time to spring in front of her lover and receive in her heart the bullet intended for him. Poor, pathetic, mistaken, miserable Leonora, who died for his sake whom she loved! Marcantonio recovered his reason and lived out an honest, uneventful life at Rome. Batiscombe lived for a year or two among the monks of Subiaco, and then resumed his old life of wandering and novel-writing. The naming of the book comes from the summing up of his character, as is apparent in these words of the author: "Some human hearts are like a great ship that has no anchor, nor any means of making fast to moorings. The brave vessel sails through the stormy ocean, straining and struggling fiercely, till she lies at last within a fair harbor. But she has no anchor, and by and by the soft, smooth tide washes her out to sea, so gently and cruelly, out among the crests and squalls and the rushing currents, and she must fain beat to windward again or perish on the grim lee shore."

D. H.

POLITICAL RECOLLECTIONS. 1840 TO 1872. By George W. Julian. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1884.

Mr. Julian, though politically he may be said to have committed the unpardonable sin, is a man whose integrity is unquestioned. One of the earliest and most uncompromising of the Anti-Slavery leaders, the candidate for vice-president upon the Free-soil ticket in 1852, one of the founders of the Republican party in 1856, and afterward one of its most prominent and trusted leaders, a member of Congress during the excited period preceding and including the war, and during that great struggle one of President Lincoln's intimate advisers and a member of the famous Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War—he is well able, from such a career, to make of his *Recollections* a most interesting and thrilling narrative. No one can take up the book without being both entertained and profited, for where it does not lead to philosophizing upon the intricate problems of history, it will impart information in a manner to make it remembered. The book is full of facts that will strike the ordinary reader as novel. Such, for example, as that the Republican party was formed and named in Michigan in 1854; that the *New York Tribune* and the *Herald* urged in 1861 that the Southern States had a right to secede and that the general government had no right to oppose them; that Mr. Seward advocated the same principles three days before Sumter was fired upon, and that Mr. Lincoln held the same view; that Senator Morton at the close of the war was earnestly opposed to negro



suffrage and condemned Mr. Sumner for advocating such a scheme of reconstruction.

The tone of Mr. Julian's narrative is personal throughout, his criticisms keen and unsparing, but evidently arising from real convictions and perfectly fair from his standpoint. They are likely to be most enjoyed, however, by persons entirely out of politics. The book is sure of many readers and has a real historical value.

THE WHITTIER CALENDAR FOR 1884. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00.

Most of our readers are doubtless familiar with the dainty little calendars consisting of an artistic card for a background, on which are mounted 366 little slips pasted over each other, one to be removed on every day of the year. Each of the slips bears the date and a brief quotation. Whittier's poems are peculiarly available for this use, for he is always brief when at his best, and his choice stanzas owe comparatively little of their force to the context. This calendar in its mechanical features is a decided improvement on the work of last year.

CUMNOCK'S SCHOOL SPEAKER. Rhetorical Recitations for Boys and Girls. Compiled by Robert McLean Cumnock, A.M., Professor of Rhetoric and Elocution, Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1884. 304 pp. Price \$1.00.

Judging this Speaker by trying it upon a number of ten-year-olds it is one of the best of its class. A little more work would have attached the names of the authors to many selections marked "anonymous," and it would have been work worth doing.

## Unity Club.

There is a well-known game in which each participant writes on separate slips of paper a question and a word. These are shaken up together and distributed at random. It then becomes the duty of each of the players to write a stanza of verse answering the question and bringing in the word. The following lines were produced in this way by members of one of our Western Unity Clubs. The question was, "Who is your favorite poet?" The word was "corn:"

First of all I place his name  
Who doth in mystic verse unite,  
Man-child, fore-world, oversoul,  
Images of day and night;  
Lines that whisper to the soul,  
Corn that waves, and grass that blows,  
Courage faithful to the death,  
Wood-flower that unheeded grows:  
The whereforeness of the why,  
And the thingness of the mere  
Inexplicability.  
Incarnated in the here.

Mr. Edwin D. Mead gives his course of four lectures on the American Poets, in the Unitarian Church, Madison, Wis., on the Sunday evenings of January, and also his lectures upon the Pilgrim Fathers, on Monday and Tuesday evenings, January 7, 8, 14, 15, 21 and 22. Mr. Mead's address, during his stay in the West, is at the office of UNITY.

## The Exchange Table.

### LAUNCHING.

Build well, O man, for *present* life,  
And lade thy ship with what will last:  
Be proof against all wreck and strife,  
In truth's firm hold thy anchor cast.  
Good deeds will be thy surest hope,  
Good cheer the breeze to bear thee on:  
A noble life 'gainst hell can cope,—  
Is surest trust to rest upon.

Heaven helpeth all who do their part,  
As wind and tide and hand unite;  
Duty is noblest human art,  
And noblest gospel is the *Right*.  
Do well, thy ship has naught to fear;  
The steady trades will be thy friend,  
And heaven's harbor always near,  
Each trusting soul safe at the end!

—From the "Launching of the 'Kate B. Ogden.'" By Rev. A. Judson Rich.

### THE CHARLES DICKENS BEATITUDES:

"Blessed are the poor in spirit."

Ah, pathetic Tom Pinch! I see you, poor indeed in spirit, but rich in all that likens life to the divine. Who would not be like you?

"Blessed are they that mourn."

Sweet, true Florence Dombey, and loyal Little Dorritt! We see why you were comforted.

"Blessed are the meek."

Gentle Esther Summerson, mindful of all but yourself; how blessed this earth when such as you inherit it!

"Blessed are the merciful."

Rough Joe Gargery, counting as nothing your own "inconvenience," how tenderly merciful you were! Surely such as you can claim the promised mercy.

"Blessed are the pure in heart."

Little Nell; to see God is reserved for such as are like you!

"Blessed are the peacemakers."

True, loving, simple Mr. Dick! You made peace between two divided hearts, when those of stronger heads were powerless. Truly, the most helpless amongst us may be called the "Children of God."—Antoinette Van Hoesen in "The Current."

Many times God is present in the still voice and private retirements of a quiet religion and the constant spiritualities of an ordinary life; when the loud and impetuous winds and the shining foils of more laborious and expensive actions are profitable to others only, like a tree of balsam distilling precious liquor for others, not for its own use.—Jeremy Taylor.

If a man foolishly does me wrong, I will return to him the protection of my ungrudging love. The more evil comes from him, the more good shall go from me. Overcome anger by love; overcome greed by liberality; overcome falsehood by truth; overcome evil by good. Hatred never ceases by hatred, but by love—this is an old rule.—Buddha.

—Too much painstaking speaks disease of one's mind as well as too little. The adroit, sound-minded man will endeavor to spend in each business approximately what of pains it deserves, and with a conscience void of remorse will dismiss it then.—Carlyle.

It is difficult, I own, to blend and unite tranquility in accepting, and energy in using, the facts of life—but it is not impossible; if it be, it is impossible to be happy.—Epictetus.



## Little Unity.

ELLEN T. LEONARD, Editor, Hyde Park, Ill.

Associate Editors.

MISS CORA H. CLARKE, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

MRS. E. E. MAREAN, 3619 Ellis Ave., Chicago.

It is the object of these columns to increase the interest of the young reader in finding "What to see" in this wonderful world about us, and in deciding "What to do" toward the making of a true and useful life. Also to help mothers, Sunday-school Teachers, and all who have the privilege of training children to find the soul of all life in the things which are to be seen and to be done around us.

### SUGGESTIONS FOR 1884.

Resolve not to make any resolutions you can not keep. Broken resolutions are the ghosts of our murdered self-respect.

Drop at once all useless regrets for past misdeeds.

Take a fresh start after each mistake, and remember only, that the thing you *really want* to do every time, however otherwise it may seem to you for the moment, is that which is square and fair—manly and womanly, whatever the cost may be.

### A NEW YEAR STORY.

"A Happy New Year, mamma! a Happy New Year, papa!" shouted Tom Hazlitt as he rushed into the house at the sound of the breakfast bell, with cheeks glowing and eyes bright. He had been coasting for an hour on his new sled, which had been given him on Christmas Day, and which to his great delight he had found to be the fastest on the hill.

"Though I don't see how we can have a very happy New Year, after all," continued Tom with a little sigh, "for if papa has to leave his business and rest, of course we can't have so much money to spend—"

"But we can have papa with us. Think how much you will enjoy that. Rest and recreation are all he needs to make him well again, the doctor says."

Tom's mother kissed him fondly, and then turned to urge her husband to take his seat at the table and to taste the tempting delicacies which she had prepared with her own hand.

Tom could hardly wait to be served. "I'm as hungry as a bear," he said, and his father looked at him with mingled envy and amazement.

"I'd give a thousand dollars if I had that boy's appetite and could enjoy a meal as he does." The fact was, Mr. Hazlitt had been such a slave to business that he had been almost a stranger to his own children, until now that he was forbidden by his physician to attempt any kind of work.

After the meal was finished, Mrs. Hazlitt asked, "Are you ready for our New Year's Text?"

During the years that the training of the children had been left to the wife, she had taken every opportunity to teach the beautiful lesson of "good will to men." She believed that "the bird always

sings on the highway the song it learned in its mother's nest," and she had adopted the pretty custom of choosing a new motto for each new year, all breathing the same strain.

Rising to adjust the heavy hangings, so as to bring to view the evergreen letters over the bay-window, Mrs. Hazlitt said, "Tom, read it aloud."

Tom read, with a puzzled look on his face,

"FREELY YE HAVE RECEIVED, FREELY GIVE."

"Well, I guess you've made a mistake this time, mamma. You said yourself that we'd got to do without a good many things this year that we'd been used to. I don't think we have anything to give."

"Can't you give help, Tom?"

"Nobody wants my help."

"Oh, yes, Tom," said little May; "don't you remember how Fannie Wade used to come over ever so often last summer to have you climb that high tree and get her pet owl down, when its string was all tangled in the branches?"

"Pshaw! that was fun. I used to climb higher than there was any need for, just to hear her scream and say, 'Tom! come down, you'll fall.'"

"And then, Tom," said sister Alice, "you took the part of little Paul Fletcher, when the boys were rude and rough at school. I heard his mother say she never could have kept him in school if you hadn't been so kind to him."

"He's a baby. All I had to do when they were plaguing him was to rush up and say, 'Let him alone,' and they'd every one run off. But the owl's dead, and Paul has moved away, so I guess my occupation's gone, as Shakespeare says."

"Now, my boy," said Tom's father, who had been an interested listener to the children's talk, "I want you to go to the station before the 9:30 train is due and take a letter to Holman. Your mother has it ready for you."

"Remember our motto," said mamma, as she handed him the letter.

At dinner time Tom came in, rosy and fresh, with an eager look as though he had something to tell. Papa brightened up. This boy of his, so well trained, so brave and hearty, was going to do more for him than any doctor. Little May caught hold of Tom's hand—"You've got a story to tell me. I know it."

"Yes, and mamma must hear it too."

Mamma came at May's call, and the whole family listened to Tom's little adventure.

"After I gave the letter to Mr. Holman, I thought I would slide down hill awhile. I had been having a good time, and was just going to the hill the other side of the depot, when I met old Mrs. Jones walking down the hill—just as slow! I went off the walk into the snow so as not to run against her. But she called out: 'What do you mean, making the sidewalk so slippery with your sliding? I shall fall and break my bones.' I did not say anything, and was hurrying off, when I heard her give a little cry, and then a groan, and I looked back, for I thought she had fallen. Sure



enough! There she stood, holding up both hands, and with such a look on her face. She was talking to herself, but loud enough for me to hear. 'I've gone and forgotten my shopping-bag, and my purse and spectacles are in it, and I've telegraphed my son John to meet me, and now I've got to go back home again, when I was almost at the depot. Too bad—too bad.' I saw that she was going to stop and rest at the depot—so I didn't say a word to her, but I took my sled up in my hands, and ran up the hill and on to Mrs. Jones' house as fast as I could go. I knew the train would not be along for five minutes, and I thought I'd try to get Mrs. Jones' bag for her. She never did give me a kind word; she hates boys; but I felt like helping somebody. As good luck would have it, old Mr. Jones had just found her bag on the table, and had hobbled out to the gate with it. I snatched it out of his hand, called out 'It's all right,' and then I jumped onto my sled and dashed down the hill in a minute.

"Here's your bag, Mrs. Jones," said I. "Why, you blessed boy! You don't say you've had time to go way up to my house and back so quick. How did you do it? 'With Magic,' said I. 'What do you say? With Magic?' 'Yes, that's the name of my sled.' Then the train came just as I handed the old lady her ticket, and I heard her say as she got into the car: 'That blessed boy.'"

"Well, Tom," said Mrs. Hazlitt, "that is a good beginning."

K. F. K.

This morning a pretty squirrel came leaping on to the Norway maple tree opposite the window of our breakfast room. I am glad he has adopted the new time too, it is so pleasant still to have his company while we are at breakfast. He leaped from limb to limb till he came to a place where a large branch went off at an angle from the trunk, and in the hollow between them he evidently had accumulated a store of maple seeds. We could see him sitting upright, holding the seed between his paws, by means of the wing, which affords him a very convenient handle, and nibbling at the little plantlet within. When he had finished one, he would drop it, and it would flutter slowly to the ground, when with a whisk and frisk, he would take another seed from his stores, and erecting himself, speedily devour it. He soon had eaten his fill of maple seeds, and was on his way down the hill, perhaps in search of something more substantial or spicy.

C. H. C.

#### A DOLL'S CROCKERY STORE.

How many imitations of the various dishes sold in crockery stores can be reproduced by a sharp pen-knife out of acorns and acorn-cups! Certainly all kinds of plates, saucers, and bowls, sugar-dishes and tea-pots (with bits of wood stuck in for spout and handle); but oblong dishes are articles which the oak tree feels in no way bound to furnish,

though a shape which is fashionable for some things can be made by cutting an acorn lengthwise.

Can you tell by the appearance of the leaves of an oak-tree, what sort of dishes it will furnish to your pen-knife? Have you noticed that where the leaves have rounded lobes, the acorns grow on long stalks, and where the lobes of the leaves are sharp, and tipped with a bristle, the acorns have almost no stalk at all? The scrub oak, the black oak, the scarlet oak, and the red oak, are of this latter kind, and the acorn requires two years to ripen.

The red oak is the tree which has such great big acorns, and a large and shallow saucer, which makes a very good doll's dinner-plate. The outside scales are thin and tightly pressed together. The scarlet and black oaks bear smaller acorns with round and bowl-like saucers.

The common white oak and the swamp white oak have round-lobed leaves which in the latter are downy and white beneath. Both have pretty, hemispherical cups, which in the former are rough or tubercled, and in the latter are covered with gray scales, with slender and sometimes spreading points. I should add these cups to my china store under the name of frosted finger bowls, just imported from France.

In John Burroughs' "Winter Sunshine," he says, "Who ever saw squirrels in winter? The naturalists say they are mostly torpid; yet evidently that little pocket-faced depredator, the chipmunk, was not carrying buckwheat for so many days to his hole for nothing; was he anticipating a state of torpidity, or providing against the demands of a very active appetite?"

"Red and gray squirrels are more or less active all winter, though very shy, and, I am inclined to think, partially nocturnal in their habits. Here a gray one has just passed—came down that tree and went up this; there he dug for a beech-nut, and left the burr on the snow. How did he know where to dig?"

"His home is in the trunk of some old birch or maple, with an entrance far up amid the branches. In the spring he builds himself a summer-house of small leafy twigs in the top of a neighboring beech, where the young are reared and much of the time passed. But the safer retreat in the maple is not abandoned, and both old and young resort hither in the fall, or when danger threatens. Whether this temporary residence amid the branches is for elegance or pleasure, or for sanitary reasons, or domestic convenience, the naturalist has forgotten to mention."

I wonder what Mr. Burroughs means by that first question? I have frequently seen squirrels, both the gray, the red and the striped, in winter, and not in the night time either, haven't you?

C. H. C.

We live in deeds, not years: he most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.—P. F. Bailey.



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That the date on the address label indicates the TIME TO WHICH the subscription has been paid.

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Dec. 22, 1883.

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Mrs. J. C. HILTON, Treas. W. W. U. C.  
Dec. 22, 1883.

### KANSAS UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

A meeting of this body will be held at Topeka, Kansas, January 29, 30. A full attendance of friends in the state and the "country round about" is urgently requested. The hospitalities of the friends at Topeka are extended to all visitors.

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Out at the door;

And said in a puzzled and puzzling way,  
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